

## Worst Firefly Squad

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Category: Fairy Tail

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Jellal F./Siegrain

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 22:04:33

Updated: 2016-04-15 22:04:33

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:25:33

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,985

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Firefly's are Fairy Tail's Special Task Force that became exterminated in a single night. Leaving two retired Firefly members. To fight fire with fire, one must make sacrifices. The perfect team to combat evil is created. But everyone views them as the worst Firefly squad in the record. How couldn't they? They're all criminals!

## Worst Firefly Squad

T\_r\_a\*\*i\*\*l\_e\_r \*\*O\*\*n\_e\_: \*\*L\*\*A\_D\_Y

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Pleasures may come from illusions<em>

><strong>

\*\*\_But happiness can come only in reality.\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>A news channel focused the destruction of a complete city still in flames, but devoid of life on air. Some reporters took the liberty and courage to walk in the blazing streets that still reeked of fear and death. Nearly doubling over in fear before the reporter had to calm her beating heart. Even when she tripped upon few scattered clothes here and there, she wondered if the people living in this city were in such a panic that they left their clothes behind. Some of the fabrics catching on fire and a large chunk of wood falling nearly upon her cameraman. Who dodged it and hurriedly ran up to her.<em>

\_"Maybe it is not a good idea being here," The cameraman muttered nervously. His sweaty fingers gripping onto the camera with all his might as his eyes darted left and right in fear of something or

someone popping out in this hellish place.\_

\_Dry wind whipped the hair of the reporter. Shoving her hair out of her face as she grumbled at the sand. Some of it getting into her eyes and voicing out her frustration. "This place is nowhere near the coast! Where on earth is all this sand coming from!?" The cameraman simply ignored her as he mostly took a look of his surroundings than doing his job. He couldn't help, but kneel down and exam children's clothes that seemed to belong to a female toddler. Touching the fabric felt quite rusty and nearly stiff. Flipping it over to the sides to see the edges, faintly yet noticeable, scorch marks. Almost as if someone placed clothes inside a microwave.\_

\_Just as he thought this, he lifted the clothes to the side to see sand pouring right out like a waterfall. Most falling down to the floor, some flying in the air that made the cameraman cough. And in a way, his heart dropped. Fear crept inside his beating, rapid heart. A thought that he desperately perished, but wandered if it is what he truly believes.\_

\_"Oh my god!" At the sound of his boss, the cameraman dashed to her side around the corner of an street. Seeing her eyes were focused above as he too focused above the streetlights and light posts to only feel his jaw dropping in horror.\_

\_There were people impaled onto the wires, lamp posts, and trees.\_

\_There were PEOPLE drilled into the wires with parts of their bodies missing.\_

\_Scorched.\_

\_Burned.\_

\_Char.\_

\_Looking more like blacken roasted meat that was set too long in the oven.\_

\_And then the thought came back that made the cameraman hurl his lunch.\_

\_People didn't abandon their belongings. They \_are\_ the people. They \_were\_ the people before being fried and turned to ash. The sand that flies in the street is ashes of the people in the city.\_

\_But the most scariest thing was, who did it? And is that person still lurking here?\_

\_"Emily, we need to get out of here," The cameraman stuttered to his boss. Though he saw his boss has yet to reply to him. Obviously still in shock of the display. He snapped her out of her reverie with a small jump as she glanced to him startled. "Emily," He tried again, only this time more assuring to calm her nerves, or even both of their nerves, as he tugged onto her sleeve. Letting her know it is time to go.\_

\_However, there were other things she had in mind.\_

\* \* \*

><p>It was the hunt that excited her.<p>

To see them all scattered around, examining her work like she was the painter of a portrait and they are the judge of her creativity. To see them all curious, small and fragile. To see some already getting the jest of what happened. To see some still ignorant of what may have happened. To see them all fall except one.

He intrigued her. Thus she set this wicked game and let him have a good head start before surprising him. As she mused upon the thought, she couldn't help, but glanced at the woman lying dead in her own hellish illusions. How she wanted to capture her on camera for all the world to see.

But she had no intentions of revealing herself yet. She did not want to risk the chance of alarming those \_Firefly's\_ that hunt people like her.

Ones that cause disorder.

Ones that don't belong in the system.

Ones that have no need in the system.

Ones that are forgotten.

And she has no intention to be forgotten either. For that, she leaves her mark in this twisted world that everyone shares. Most may not realize the similarities that people have, but it is there. Denial is a petty thing. But pity is what crosses her mind when humans do not want to do more and be more. For that, she'll be more and be feared as is.

Her eyes narrowed as she saw the young man pull something out of his pocket before shoving it back inside. His makeshift weapon gripped tightly in the other as his eyes becoming wide of adrenaline and fear. Searching and body tensed and ready for when she is to show herself.

She smiled.

Oh how she loved the hunt.

\* \* \*

><p><em>A horrifying scream that pierced the heavens, alarming the cameraman and his boss. His head whipped around nervously, his legs just ready to burst away from this inflaming place with his heart soaring into the tip of his mouth. Another chunk of tree fell, dragging a scorched corpse. Only the moment the corpse hit the floor, it burst into ashes as said ashes began flying towards them, hauntingly.<br>\_

\_"That's it," He grumbled, grabbing his boss arm forcefully with him. Hearing some protests, but he was having none of it.\_

\_This place screams of death.\_

\_And if his gut is right, this nightmare is not over. Whoever did this, is still here. And he isn't going to stay to find out who it was.\_

\_"Ricardo, just hold on a sec-"\_

\_"We don't have a second!" The cameraman, Ricardo, swirled around and grabbed her shoulders tightly as he looked her dead in the eye. "Can't you feel it? This isn't a job anymore. This is a game!"\_

\_Emily rolled her eyes. "Oh, goodness! You're just being superstitious!" Crossing her arms in front of her chest. "Besides, it is our job to do dangerous jobs. That is how we get paid." She leaned forward, equally returning his hard gaze. "So you either man the hell up, or I'll fire you when we get back."\_

\_There was an internal struggle within the man. He knew that this indeed is their job. It is a risky and dangerous job. Some brave reporters and cameramen take news during the whole chaos or in the middle of a war. But everyone knows to hold more respect are the journalists. Journalists are the real deal compared to them. Some have died to just to reveal the terrible truth or even get as far as an interview.\_

\_But that was not the point.\_

\_They were not heroes.\_

\_They were simply ordinary people. Unlike the mages and abnormal s.\_

\_And for someone with this power of magnitude, he wonders if it was done by a mage or an abnormal. His hand instinctively reaches for his amulet tucked inside his shirt. If it were a mage, he'll be safe. But if it were an abnormal, he is screwed. He gave one more glance to his waiting, impatiently, boss. Before he could open his mouth a fellow reporter came running from the other side of the street.\_

\_"Isn't that... Phil?" Emily questioned. Both of them looking at Phil's very well groomed suit ruined by sweat and tears. Like if he was running from something... Or someone. Since Ricardo didn't answer, she yelled across three streets with her arm raised. "PHIL!" Ricardo's neck whipped to her and stared at her with bugging eyes as if she's gone mad.\_

\_Perhaps she has.\_

\_Phil briefly pause in his step before resuming his run. Though now his run was directed towards them. He yelled out something, but his voice was hoarse and unable to be understood.\_

\_"What did he said?" Emily glanced at Ricardo who was too busy trying to lip read before his eyes slowly shift to some odd looking swirl that seemed to blend very well with the night. His eyes narrowing and trying to get a good look at the small thing. "WHAT DID YOU SAY!?" Somehow Ricardo was able to turn on his camera and set it on live feed. Zooming in behind Phil on the small ball that seemed to following him steadily and slowly. But that small thing as ate up anything around it leaving circular gaps in certain places.\_

\_He returned to normal mode and briefly glanced at Emily, whom was still entertained in trying to figure out what was Phil trying to say.\_

\_Then he saw it.\_

\_Or at least he believes so.\_

\_He saw a silhouette on a top building before it suddenly disappeared. He prayed he wasn't imagining things and that the camera\_ did\_ caught\_ what he saw. He also begged silently to any of the gods that could hear him of his plea. To let it be a mage. And not an abnormal.\_

\_Emily was about to try again until Phil tripped, but clawed his way back up in a sprint. Nearly tripping again with tear strained cheeks and disheveled hair.\_

\_"Run! Run! There's La-" He never got to finish his sentence. The small circular became visible as an electric arm surged forward, gripping him in before his skin became blackened. Emily clamped her mouth shut with eyes bulging wide in horror to witness a fellow co-worker become fried then to nothing but ashes. His clothes as is, but the ashes scattering and flying within the wind.\_

\_Not even a scream from said man was uttered. Or even the sound of instant frying of skin heard. The only thing that could be heard was the mad crackle of the fire. As if mocking the living while the dead becomes silent in dread. Waiting for the next victim to join their group.\_

\_The circular thing seemed to hover there for a few seconds before slowly coming towards them.\_

\_Emily nearly buckled down in horror at the mere thought she was going to die. If it weren't for the fact Ricardo grasping her arm tightly, she wouldn't have grasped she has the chance to live. And that is by getting away from this hellish city.\_

\_However, Emily crashed into someone to realize it was Ricardo. He seemed paranoid. His eyes darting left and right, up and down, side to side, back to front... His hands twitching as he grasped onto his camera for dear life. Forgetting about Emily was there.\_

\_No, that wasn't correct.\_

\_It was like he couldn't see her.\_

\_Sweat oozed out of his skin, drenching him as if he freshly came from the shower. To suddenly snap back and glance to her in a startled panic.\_

\_"Ricardo, listen," She made to step towards him, only for him to take a couple of steps back. Seizing his camera and looking into the eye piece as if not trusting his eyes. She glanced to the circular thing to see nothing.\_

\_She panicked. Had it blend in without her noticing?\_

\_No. It wasn't there. And the clothes that Phil left... Was also gone.\_

\_She was confused. Had she imagined it? No, it could not be possible. She felt the fear. She saw death. She knew she wasn't the only one who saw it.\_

\_"Real or not real?" Ricardo whispered. The question directed towards her as she was unable to answer that. Ricardo took out his amulet and held it tightly in his hand, closing his eyes and concentrating. One more look into the camera did he drop it with a startle.\_

\_A woman was in front of him.\_

\_And Emily looked frightened. Trapped in a twisted reality as she crawled away from him and her. \_

\_"No, no, no, please... Please, don't. Get away, get away, get away!" She cried as Ricardo was unable to understand what was happening. He noticed her leg was broken. Since when?\_

\_"My, my," The woman purred at him. His heart choking him as he felt the power radiating from her. "You seem to have broken out of my spell... But no matter, today you'll die." She turned to his boss, crying herself into a small corner when she suddenly was lifted up then slammed into the wall with a startle cry of pain. "Well, we might as well make it a reality." Her hand tightening into a fist in front of her as her other hand was faced open towards him.\_

\_He didn't process the fact something wet with chunks of pieces landed on him before dropping down to the floor. He was too focused in watching his boss eyes suddenly popped wide open before rolling back as blood oozed out of her nostrils and mouth. Then she dropped down.\_

\_Not moving and certainly not breathing.\_

\_That was when he finally took the liberty to look down on himself. His eyes widening in horror, his mouth becoming dry, his face drained of color, and his knees buckling.  
><em>

\_His boss entrails were all over him. The fresh flesh of meat heavy on his sweat stricken shirt and skin becoming tainted with the blood of his boss. His eyes becoming blurry as he stared helplessly at the lifeless heart of his suppose boss. His mind unable to make sense of anything, though halted when the mysterious woman in front of him began to speak.\_

\_"You have to question if that is reality or illusion. Do you think it is true?"\_

\_He was unable to process nothing before stumbling back and away from her. Then turning around and running away from her as his only thought was to get out of the city. Ricardo ran, trying to make sense what has happened to only come to the conclusion the woman is a specialist in illusions. Twisting his reality and making it hers.

><em>

\_She was god. And he was the pitiful mortal trapped in her game.\_

\_But the pitiful mortal managed to escape her judgement. As long as she does not realize the amulet, he can win.\_

\_The woman cocked her head to the side questioning. "Where are you going? You are my toy. You have caught my interest. It is only fair that you entertain me."\_

\* \* \*

><p>Ricardo ran for all his might and hid in a dark alley. Shrugging off the entrails off him once he realized the long intestine still draped casually around him. Taking off his shirt to get rid of the smell and the feeling of his boss... His... He snapped out of it. Scratching his skin off the already drying red substance in his hands. Trying to calm his beating heart and think of a plan to outsmart the woman.<p>

But how can he really. She is a mage. And not just any mage.

She is Lady. \_The \_Lady.

An infamous dark mage seeking power and continues to feed herself more power. For what purpose? No one knows. But those that cross her, no one lives. And yet he might just come out alive if he plays his cards right.

As the little information he knows of her, she can paradox space dimension along with disrupt his reality. To question what is real or not. To question if he is dead or alive yet dead.

He was confused.

But as any scared and confused man, he grabbed a crowbar and broke a few bottles in the dumpster. Grabbing his shirt and tying all the pieces of large bottle shards onto his crowbar. Feeling just a bit better, he pulled out his amulet. Taking a moment to analyze the odd little rectangular paper-bag with a single light blue stone in the center before shoving back into his pocket.

Slowly but cautiously, he walked out of his hiding place with his crowbar raised behind him and ready. Though his body was ridiculously tense and senses might just play tricks on him if not careful of the master illusionist. He took long deep calming breaths to steady his heat and think straight without acting on rash impulses that can lead to his own demise.

In his constant focus, he failed to realize a small orb began forming quietly next to him. Until he felt a small gentle caress that made his body freeze, his heart pause, and the corner of his eyes slowly turning next to him to see an arm fully portrayed out of an floating orb. The gloved hand gently caressing his cheek before forcefully tugging his chin towards the orb to see the upper body of the woman appearing upside down. A wicked yet gleeful smile appeared as Ricardo quivered in terror at just seeing his chances of surviving or outsmarting her are likely very low.

"I found you~"

He swung his crowbar at her as he took a quick step back, jerking away from her grip. Expecting the crowbar to make contact on her head to only disappear right out of his hands and swing at nothing.

"You should know very well it is unwise to hit a woman," Ricardo's head snapped behind him to see the woman walking towards him, the crowbar in her hands as she examined his handiwork. "A man could get in so much trouble." She gave him a sly look with a playful smirk.

Fully turned towards her, he took a couple of steps behind him. Searching for anything that he can use before he froze back up when she saw her hand lifted towards him. Her head cocking in confusion before narrowing her eyes at him. "Pity... Seems I can't do anything on you without that thing in your pocket." His hand instinctively reached towards where the amulet was as his eyes widen at the realization. "Yes, I know you have a nullification amulet. Though the question is \_what kind\_?"

Without thinking, he tried running past her until he was slammed back onto the wall with full force that he saw stars. Shaking his head to blink out the dizziness, he could faintly hear the small tapping of her heeled shoes coming towards him. Like the drums of the reaper singing softly into your ear. And he just couldn't, didn't want to give in. Crawling to the edge of the wall he grabbed something smooth yet cold to give a quick glance at the object.

A bucket filled with something.

Suddenly her shadow loomed over him as panic quickly took over him. Grabbing tightly onto the bucket and swung it at her before running past her as he heard her startled gasp. Missing the sound of a heavy \_splash\_. And missing the shock that later became of anger.

Ricardo did not know where he was running to.

But after seeing his camera, he knew he just ran a huge circle. Grabbing his camera to see it still on and on live feed. Flipping the visor to his side he nearly dropped the camera to see the woman behind him drenched with an angry snarl.

"Enjoying the show?" Before he could turn around, he was thrown back with the camera landing away from him. He grunted as his face was met with the concrete floor, trying to get up to only be slammed back down by a heavy force that made him gasp for air. Then he felt it. His eyes snapped open as he tried to crane his neck to his pant leg, trying to move his arms to stop her from taking away the amulet. "Ah, so it is only to protect you from enchantments. That explains." She looked at the little object before tossing it far away.

Circular orbs appeared on both his wrists and ankles, lifting him up so he was able to face her.

"Because you are the first to defy me. The first to embarrass me. And happen to make me be in a foul mood," She leaned in with a small smile. "I'm going to make you question what is real and what is not, for the rest of your life."

"I won't give in," He breathed as her eyes narrowed.



"New rules, don't speak." A large black circular slammed into his stomach as his upper body jerked forwards, eyes widening at the sudden feeling of his rib cages puncturing his lungs. "I'll have your tongue," And wet howl that later was silenced as he was choking. Inclining his head downwards to spit the blood out before he chokes on himself. "Real or not?" He didn't answer for he was in a dilemma of finding a way to escape or ignore her. Not liking his cooperation, she tried again. "Can you speak?"

".. No," Then he gasped at just suddenly feeling his tongue still intact in his body. But holding a tongue in his hand. To see it belonged to the dead body of his boss lying motionless with her body punctured with a knife multiple times. His arms decorated with her nails clawing onto him. He gasped in shock to turn around and see himself unable to speak for his tongue was severed with the knife in his hands.

Emily was alive and breathing but just looking scared out of her wits. Only the fear was directed towards him.

And he was starting to unable to process what is real and what is not. He was becoming increasingly confused until he heard her voice again.

"Tell me, is it real or not?"

He screamed, trying to make sense of reality and illusion as he continued to play different scenes of different realities.

And yet the camera still glaring a red light towards the woman's back. Her leg elegantly pressing onto the man's back as he seemed trapped in an unknown reality in his own head as the woman stared down at him boringly. "Real or not?" She asked him, no answer. "Let's take a break," His fingers twitched, he tried to drag himself. "Still fighting? We'll see about that." He whimpered before screaming at nothing. Though the scream was blood curling as he coughed out saliva with eyes beginning to tear. "Real or not?"

Nothing. And another scream with the exact question. "Real or not?"

The cycle repeats till sunrise.

By the time a rescue team came by, the woman was long gone. And Ricardo was far from sane. Never knowing the twisted reality of all the other reporters with their fellow cameramen are alive and well. This included Emily. Never to know he was the only one playing her twisted game.

Never knowing whether the people around him is reality and not an illusion.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>That is "Lady". Can you guess who she is? It should be kind of obvious.<strong>

\*\*Those who guess right get's a spoiler who will be in the next trailer. (Of course, I can't spoil \_who\_ it is, but will hint their

"label name". You just got to guess who they are, who they represent and you might just get the name of the folk.)\*\*

\*\*Anyways, let me know your thoughts on Lady. In case you became confused, that was intentional. I wanted you to be just as confused as Ricardo was.\*\*

\*\*Thanks for reviewing, following, favoring, etc., etc.^^\*\*

End  
file.